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Sixth, THAT the bona-fide average circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD for 1888 was 280,328 copies, and that this was over TWO AND A HALF TIMES the circulation of the New York Sunday HERALD, more than DOUBLE that of the New York Sunday SUN, and more than 50,000 in excess of the New York Sunday HERALD, TRIBUNK and

Fifth, THAT its circulation during 1888 was more

TIMES combined during 1888. Seventh, TO REFUND ALL MONEYS PAID PROPER TEST, THE ABOVE STATEMENTS ARE NOT VERIFIED.

NEW STARS IN THE FLAG.

There are people living who saw the Old Flag wave over thirteen States. Thirteen stars shone from the folds that flew as bravely for Freedom then as since. There will be forty-two stars on the flag now.

No patriotic sentiment has been more poet ical in any land or time than that inspired by the glorious bunting which "Freedom from her mountain height" unfurled.

Tore the azure robe of night And set the stars of glory there!

dear to every freeman's heart, however many new glories be added. On such questions there should be no sectional feeling. The political unselfishness of the Democrats in Congress has never been more strikingly demonstrated than by their action in voting in the Dakotas and Washington, which as territories have been Republican. But whatever their political complexion.

the future of the new States and of the great and growing Union is sure to be glorious.

BELLES-LETTRES AT BORDENTOWN.

The famous old city of Bordentown, that need to be the great stopping place on the stage route from New York to Philadelphia in the days of JOSEPH BONAPARTE, has a sensation. What is more, it is a literary sensation. Critics who clamor that the news papers do not print enough literary matter will have for a time to eat their words.

It seems as if the poet must have had Prof. W. C. Bowen's Bordentown College in mind

A little learning is a dangerous thing!

The Senior Class of rosy-cheeked and little about English literature in the sixteenth century. They wanted to know more, or thought they did. The Protessor told them more, and then came the deluge.

It was a deluge of tears and indignation. They learned what they say shocked them dreadfully. The Professor was not content with confining his remarks to the sixteenth century. He added too much "contemporaneous human interest."

It is not well to know too much

THE DOG SHOW.

It is a pleasure to see the clean-limbed, bright-eyed and sleek-coated animals on show at Madison Square Garden. They sleep regularly, eat regularly and rest whenever they teel so inclined.

Ouite a contrast they present to the emaciated, hungry, thirsty, tired, sleepy, spiritloss, bedraggled creatures who have in the near past competed for prizes on the same tanbark.

As compared with walking matches and bicycle races, dog shows have much in their favor. They do not involve suffering. There is enough necessary pain in the

It would have been a most uncalled for reflection on the cooking for the Mis-insurance

agents of New York to have insured each THROUGH others' lives before sitting down to their annual dinner last evening. But the temptation to insure must have been overpowering in such an assemblage, and the life of the waiter who pours soup down your neck at a public dinner would have been the most appropriate risk.

Recent legal proceedings seem to indicate that the weather has been too mild and the pawnbroker too stern to admit the continuous wearing of fur coats in some of our very best families this Winter.

It has been said that when the sky falls, larks may be caught. It is to be hoped that rogues will be trapped before the Assembly ceiling falls.

WHAT FUR?

"I want a fur coat,"

Said the Prince to the Clerk; " I'm a noble of note And I don't have to work!

I want a fur coat and I don't want to pay

Till my funds come from Ceylon, Hong Kong and Cathay!

"Come, out with the skin!" But what fur," said the Clerk; " Not fur cash," with a grin

Said this Prince who won't work. For this fur coat a blue coat Fulled him in; with a wince-

As he felt he was collared-What fur ?" said the Prince!

THIS AND THAT.

The taffy gathered by suspicious Husband Trowbridge at New Haven from a tapped telephone wire has proved sufficient to bring out a nocessful divorce suit. The co-respondent was Clerk Jonathan Ingersoll, of the Superior Court,

Awakened and frightened by a dream of kidnapping, young Herman Stout, in West New York, tried in vain to arouse the seven other members of the family. Then he called a doctor, who found that twenty minutes more of coal gas would have been fatal for all.

Mr. Starr, a Barnum agent, is reported a weel werdne from a desert full of fanatics, and his friends at Algiers are worried. This will inrease the lustre with which the Starr and the fanatics will shine on the season's show bills.

Worried by the loss of \$1,500, at the county seat of Wyoming, Mrs. Kate Maxwell, better known as "Cattle Kate," rode her horse into a dive where some of her cowboys were being played for a crooked game. She "held up" the gamblers, took her \$1,500 out of their pile and divided the rest among her boys.

Christian Scientist Hardy only stopped administering faith to Mrs. Willis Chamberlain, at Buffalo, when it was too late for medicine to egin on her pneumonia. He will be held for ndictment.

Philadelphia women's sensibilities are deeply shocked over the approaching hanging of Mrs. Sarah Whiteling. To impartial outsiders, ther is something a trifle shocking in the fact that the convicted woman murdered her husband and two children to get their insurance money.

While driving his runaway chickens out of John Schilling's yard at Mohnsville, Pa., Harry Devine caught young Mrs. Schilling's too sus-ceptible heart. The pair have eloped and the chickens now run at will.

Women have got 65 per cent. of the 329,000 divorces granted in the United States in the past twenty years, the chief complaint being desertion. In Rhode Island there has been one di vorce to each eleven marriages.

WORLDLINGS.

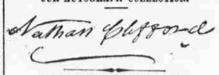
George B. Roberts, who is at the head of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, is a small man with a wonderful head for facts and figures. He s of Scotch descent and about fifty years old, although he looks somewhat younger.

A rare collection of diamonds is owned by Irs. Arnot, wife of the ex-Congres The flag will remain "the old flag " that is | Elmira. One beautiful stone in the collection cost \$11,000. She has a pin containing a hundred stones and a star containing fifty.

The recipe for making the original cau de ologne was discovered 200 years ago, and since that time it has been intrusted to only ten persons. The written copy of the recipe is kept in a crystal goblet, under triple locks, in a room in which the essential oils are mixed.

A well-informed merchant, recently returned from Brazil, predicts that the nation will be come a republic on the death of the Emperor. While Dom Pedro lives the monarchy is likely to survive, but his daughter, the Princess Iobella. will never be allowed to ascend the throne. She s an extreme monarchist, and not in sympathy with the liberal ideas of her father.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



No Good Reason for Opposition.

The New York Evening World is making a cood fight to secure an amendment to section 201 of the Penal Code, giving to the Suprem Court judges power to review the commitments of children to reformatories by police magisbright-eyed undergraduates had learned a trates. Under the law as it now exists abuses of a grave nature are perpetrated. Under the law to-day the agents of the reformatories can procure the commitment of children without the consent of their parents, and there is no appeal The proposed amendment would prevent such abuses. Of course THE EVENING WORLD'S efforts are meeting with the fierce opposition of all the reformatories; but precisely why they should be epposed to a measure so just it is difficult to see

> Lincoln Social Club Reception. The Lincoln Social Club held its second reception of the season last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. Devine, 349 West Twenty seventh street. Among the guests were Miss Lilly C. Kabe. Mr. A. L. Robertson, Miss Jessie McKenzie, Mr. A. F. Le Gost, Miss Edith M. Lewis, Mr. J. E. Tracey, Miss Nettie Lucken, Mr. Arthur Losey, Miss Maggie Rouiston, Mr. Mervin Lewis, Miss Florence Illenworth, Mr. Eli Clark and Miss Angela G. Devine.

George Washington steps to the 'phone to-morrow and learns some things that surprise him from the political teaders of to-day. Read the Washington Birthday Issue of THE EVENING

In Early Spring

especially in the early spring, when I am troubled with dissinces, dulness, unpleasant taste in my mouth in the morning. It removes this had taste, relieves my headsohe and makes me fest greatly refreshed. The two besties I have used this apring have been worth many dollars to me. I advise all my friends to take it. " JOHN BINES, 603 43d st., town of Lake, Chicago, Ill. Hood's flurespartial is soid by sil draggists. It is no feet. Fresheed by G. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. JOKERS'

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD OBSERVED FROM A PLEASANT STANDPOINT.

Love's Long Embrace,



I to get back to the house? It didn't look at all like snow when we came out.

A Great Relief to Him From Fliegende Blatter. Beggar (reading the news from France)-How thankful I ought to be that I own no shares in the Panama Canal.

For Man and Beast.

Weary Reveller-Bless me, pliceman, this seat is very dampsh! Policeman—Yes, sir; it probably is moist, as you've sat in a drinking-trough.

All in a Nutshell.

[From the Detroit Pres Press.]
The English are kicking themselves for their action in Samos. They kept quiet and let Uncle Sam do all the bluffing, and when he bluffed to win England came in a poor third.

How They Escape Trials.

(From the Norvistown Revaid]
"The poor know nothing of the trials of the
rich." Perhaps not. But if the poor read the newspapers they know that a great many of the rich escape protracted and painful trials by go-ing to Canada.

Suitable Books. [From the Philadelphia Times.]

A society has been formed in England to provide suitable reading matter for servants. Bacon's essays and Lamb's works should not be neglected in selecting a library for any well-read cook.

No Sugar Needed.

[From the New Orleans Picoguna,]
The fashionable rainbow tea—fashionable in New York church circles—does not need much sugar. It is run by sweet young girls and the proceeds go to the church fund.

Almost a Hint [From Texas Siftings.] Boarder Jones-Mrs, Flaplack, can't you put

stop to your two daughters playing fourhanded at the piano? Mrs. Flapiack-Why don't you marry one of them! That would put a stop to it right off.

Speeches to Be Lived Down.

[From Punch.] The Miss Browns-Oh, so glad to see you. Mary! But we've such dreadful colds, we can't kias you, dear. We can only shake hands. Fair Visitor—Oh, dear, how sad! I hope you haven't got a cold, Mr. Brown!

A Kentuckian's Tollet Articles. [From the Washington Critic.] Mrs. Kentuck (to husband packing a trunk)-

Did you put in any toilet articles, Henry? Mr. K.—Oh, yes, I wouldn't forget them.
Mrs. K.—What have you got?
Mr. K.—Two bottles of whiskey and a corkscrew. I reckon that's plenty, ain't it?

A New Definition of Man. [From the Spotted Coyuse.]

Teacher-What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being ! Seminary Girl-He says a brute is an imperfect man. Teacher—And what is man! Seminary Girl—Man! Oh. man is a perfect

A General Exodus.

[From the Chicago Nesce.]
"What has become of all the people?" invidual in the streets of Philadelphia. "You are the first person I have seen since I came to town four hours ago."
"Yes." said the man, sadly. "and I would have gone too if I hadn't been left behind to sort o' keen things moving. Everybody else has gone down the river to watch for the first shad."

Doing the Profession a Service.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] Well-Informed Burglar (reading a newspaper) -Bill, here's a piece of news. Some smart cuss has got up another scheme for heading us off. He has invented an arrangement for taking an instantaneous photograph of a fellow by electric light as soon as he goes to work on a safe.

Becond Burglar—It's kind of him to publish it.

We'll know what to do when we undertake to crack a safe hereafter. But it's tough on a man with any self-respect to have to put on some low-down disguise and make a White Cap of himself, ain't it, Jim?

> A One-Sided Education. [From the Chicago Journal, 1

Miss Pallas Endora Von Blurky, She didn't know chicken from turkey. High Spanish and Greek She could fluently speak, But her knowledge of poultry was murky. She could tell the great-uncle of Moses, The dates of the Wars of the Roses, The reason of things, Why the Indians were rings

On their red aboriginal noses The meaning of Emerson's '' Brahma," Why Shakespeare was wrong in his gram-

mar; And she went chipping rooks With a little black box With a little black box And a small geological hammer. She had views upon co-education And the principal needs of the nation, Her glasses were blue. And the number she knew Of the stars in each high constellation.

She wrote in a handwriting clerky; She talked with an emphasis jurky. High Spanish and Greek She could finently speak. But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

Under Love's Spell. (From Life.)



Stricken Youth (at his idel's door)-Say, Billy, s they one or two v's in lover?

People Who Behold Wonderful Sights in Dreamland.

Another Session of the Dreamers' Tournament,

We Shall Have to Stop This Soon, Despite Repeated Requests to the Contrary.

WITNESSED A MURDER IN SLEEP.

and Afterwards Discovered Traces of What Might Be a Crime.

I have been employed for many years in business devoted to the sale of horses and carriages. One night I dreamed that I stood rooted to the spot, unseen, on a lonely country road, while witnessing a cruel murder by the light of pale moonbeams. I saw quite plainly two rufflans attack a man in a buggy. One held the horse, which was gray in color, and the other rained blow after blow on the victim's head. The occupant of the buggy lay backward, motionless, with head overhanging the hind wheel on the nigh side, and the blood from his wounds fell upon the wheel and on the head lining of the carriage top. On the second night after I had dreamed this I had occasion to work very late over my bocks, and, obeying a tired inpulse to close my eves for a monent, I fell asleep immediately, and remained so for just five minutes, but in that time I thought I had walked out on the wareroom floor, with its many rows of carriages. the other rained blow after blow on the victime I thought I had walked out on the wareroom floor, with its many rows of carriages,
and passing down one aisle I approached a
buggy covered with mud, which I instantly
recognized as the one of my dream, and seated
or rather lying in it, with his head dripping
blood over the nigh hind wheel, was the murdered man. I was terror stricken and awoke.
Hurriedly placing my books away I left the
building.

Hurriedly placing my books away I left the building.

In looking at the carriages the next day I was not altogether surprised to find the identical wagon of my two dreams, with its broken top and blood-stained lining and wheel. The horse that came with it proved to be a gray. On consulting the register I saw that the orders to sell came from some one who delivered the rig, and whose address was given in a neighboring town. The horse, harness and buggy were sold and I retained the money awaiting the claimant. He never came and no one knew him at the address he gave. If a crime had been committed conscience or fear of discovery had kept him away. I have tried to keep track of the buggy, but it has changed owners many times since then. No inquiries were ever made for a missing horse and wagon, nor did I hear of any mysterious murder that would appear to have been done under the circumstances of my dream.

W. D.

Three Peculiar Dreams. Spending a Winter away from home the family letters to me were full of a young gentleman who was visiting my brother, and who was a genius of the first water in every station of life apparently. Never having seen him I grew very weary of hearing of ' Bo b Gates," and when I returned home he was still dinged into my cars, though the

was still dinged into my cars, though the only description of his looks I had was that he had "pink hair" and wasn't pretty. I occupied the room he had when he was there, and one night I dreamed that sitting in the room some one walked in without knocking. I looked up and said: "I know who you are; you are Bob Gates." Then I thought (curiously conscious that I was dreaming), "I will look hard at him and see if I have dreamed a good likeness should I ever see him," so I did, and in the looking awoke. Some months afterwards I was sitting one Summer morning in the library in the back building at the head of the stars leading up from the front hall. The front door was to pen, and hearing some one come in I went to the head of the steps and looked over to see if it was any one who had a right to come in. I looked over the balusters and I recognized Bob Gates, though as far as any one knew he was many hundred miles away. He had in half an hour's notice started off on business, not having time to send word he was coming. Never having seen a picture of him, I had dreamed a sufficiently good likeness to recognize him, though he was entirely out of my thoughts.

One Saturday morning I saw in the paper out of my thoughts.

One Saturday morning I saw in the paper that a new comet was visible far down on the horizon about 3.30 o'clock. That night I deamed that eight or ten of us had risen deamed that eight or ten of us had risen from the supper table and gathered around the stove. Suddenly some one looked at her watch and exclaimed in horror: "Why, it is 2.25." I said: "Why, it cannot be," and looked up at the clock. It was 2.30. I said: "The clock has stopped," and took out my watch. It was 2.35. We all looked at our watches, and there was only a difference of ten or fifteen minutes in all of them. Construction settled down on us all for we sternation settled down on us all, for we ought to have been in bed at least two or three hours, and in the ensuing commotion I

The dream was so vivid that I could not The dream was so vivid that I could not come back from the consciousness of it for some time. When I did finally come to a realization of myself I remembered the comet, but said to myself, 'It is no use to look for it now, for it is only 2.30," Then I remembered I had only dreamed that it was 2.30, and finally got up and struck a match and looked at my watch. It was 2.45. I was rather startled at the coincidence but not finding the count visible from way roof I want to the the comet visible from my roof I went to bed and to sleep again.

The next morning, not having on my watch, I turned and looked at the clock, which was directly behind me. It had stopped at 2.30

directly behind me. It had stopped at 2.30 in the night.

I dreamed I was packing and said to a friend: "I've had to put my Bible in my bag, because I could not get it in my trunk." Presently I said to this same friend: "It is too bad, I have nothing to read on the journey." He looked at another person who was standing near, and they both began to laugh. I had no faintest idea what they were laughing at, and said rather crossiy: 'I don't think it is very polite to laugh at me and not tell me what you are laughing about." thing it is very point to laugh at the and not tell me what you are laughing about."

My friend said, still laughing: "We were amused because you said you had nothing to read, when you had your Bible in your

Now I saw all three of those people, all went on in my mind, yet I had not the faint-est idea what they were laughing at till they told me, M. W. McL. 400 West Fifty-seventh street, N. Y.

A Ghastly Bream. The following aream I had a short time

ago. I saw a large square surrounded by houses, in the centre of which was a scaffold. On it was a priest, a headsman, myself and three ladies. One of the ladies separated herself from her companions and knelt down herself from her companious and knelt down with her head upon the block. The headsman, with one mighty stroke, severed her head. The second was likewise beheaded, but on the third one presenting herself, I thought my head would burst. I then set my teeth, clutched the rails and tried to close my eyes, but could not. The lady, after divesting herself of her bonnet, laid her head down on the block. She saw, however, her two companions' heads in the basket, and motioned to the headsman arranged to say: "If my head drops there, it will roll off the scaffold." The headsman arranged the two heads so that her head might fall between the two, and she was soon decapilited. the two heads so that her head might rail between the two, and she was soon decapitated. I saw the stream of blood issue out of, the headless trunk, and with a loud shout fell down and swoke, bathed in perspiration, and could scarcely realize that it was a hideous nightmare.

W. F. H., Jersey City.

THE POLICE SURVEILLANCE OF THE BLASTING OPERATIONS UPTOWN.

Contractors Who Are Tempted to Use Too Heavy Charges Find the Blueconts Very Watchful-Capt. Cortright's Talk on the Situation-A Melancholy Blaster's Dismal Complaint.

A large area uptown, undergoing the throes of building up, might well be termed the dynamite district.

Rock blasting is in progress continually during working hours, to the imminent peril not for the strict police surveillance maintained.

An Evening World reporter made a tour of the police stations of a portion of the dynamite region and found the unan mous on the part of the police that accidents to the men engaged in the blasting, and to passersby are kept down as low as they are.

Why," said Capt. Cortright, of the Carmansville station, "if I didn't watch the contractors at work in my precinct continually it would positively be unsafe for people to venture in the neighborhood where blast-ing is going on. I send a patrolman to watch operations wherever there is blasting, and ometimes I send two to supervise the same place if I think the contractor or his men in-

clined to be careless.

"If this were not done passers by wouldn't be warned that an explosion was about to take place, and would be very liable to be struck by flying rock. I was surprised when one of Mr. Doke's men was burt ye terday. as he is an exception to most contractors and uses every precaution without being spurred

to it by the police.
'You see, there is a great temptation for a contractor to use dangerously heavy charges of dynamite, as, of course, this greatly facilitates the progress of his work. We experience a good deal of trouble in keeping the charges within safe limits. When an explosion

charges within safe limits. When an explosion is particularly violent—unnecessarily so—the policeman on duty steps up to the boss and tells him to mix a little precautionary powder with his dynanite. Of course the bosses would get the better of us if they could, but we have taught them that a little discretion in this direction is wholesome.

"We have made a great many arrests for careless blasting since this part of the city first commenced building up, and we have the blasters under pretty good control now. I should like to relax the police supervision, though, just for one short week experimentally, and see what the result would be."

And the big guardish of the people's safety smiled in a way which indicated that he though no one's life would be worth much in the dynamite district.

in the dynamite district.

"Why, if I should let up for a week I've no doubt any number of casualties would occur. And this is just as true in the other precincts throughout the territory undergo-

ing rapid development."
The reporter called on Michael Fortunato, who is blasting in One Hundred and Forty-seventh street just west of Tenth avenue. He is the Italian contractor who created a big sensation a few years ago by the reckless biasting proclivities he displayed while con-ducting operations near Riverside Park. Fortunato was absent, but one of his men said the police seemed omnipresent. He complained bitterly of the officers and said the blasting business was played out—it took so long to do the work with the small charges

permitted by the police.

Coming Events. Fourth annual ball of the Martin Gilligar Association, Everett Hall, 31 to 35 East Fourth street, Friday evening, Feb. 22. The first "stag reception" of the Oxford Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, will be tendered to its members, Feb. 27, at the club-rooms. Lecture by Chauncey Shaffer at Hedding M. E. Church this evening on "Andrew Jackson and His Times."

The second monthly entertainment of the C. H. P. A. C. will take place this evening at the Club rooms, 32 City Hall place. Second annual ball of the Pickley Heat Association, for the benefit of David McCune, at Caledonian Hall, 8 Horatio street, this evening. Select entertainment of the Eleventh League, 15 Avenue B. Friday evening, Feb Opening reception Brooklyn Turkish Bath Company, 32 and 34 Clinton street, Brooklyn, from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M., Friday, Feb. 22.

Elite Social Circle's first ball, Friday evening. Feb. 22, at Arlington Hall.

Annual concert of the Young People's Christian Association, of St. John's M. E. Church, Fifty-third street, between Broadway and Eighth avenue, presenting the cantata "The Haymakers," Friday evening, Feb. 22. The attaches of Madison Square Garden will hold their third annual ball at Nilsson Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 22. Cavanagh Musketeers' excursion to Passaic Falls, Friday, Feb. 22. Parade and hop in the evening at Dixon's Assembly Rooms, 286 Bleecker street.

Second annual reception of the James Fitzpat-rick Association, at Webster Hall, Friday even-ing, Feb. 22. First annual entertainment of Young Men's Institute, No. 100, at Chickering Hall, on Fri-day evening, Feb. 22.

asy evening, reb. 32.

Reception of the Theban Literary Union, formerly the Y, M. C. U. of St. Boniface Church, Thursday, Feb. 21, at Coulter's Hall, 8 East Fifty-ninth street.

Annual reception of Harlem Pleasure Club Saturday evening, Feb. 23, at Harlem Turn Hall, 211 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street.

The Juanita Social Club will hold its second annual ball on Friday evening, March 1, at Turn Hall, 61-73 Meserole street, Brooklyn.

Annual masquerade and civic ball of the Byron Dramatic and Social Union, at Tammany Hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 23.

Are These Your Children?



Strong, vigorous and healthy children are what we all want, and how to keep our little ones in good health is a question of the greatest interest to all. Children are peculiarly liable to norvous disorders; they become nerous, restless, fretful, cross, and irritable; their night's aleep is not calm and restful, but they too res from side to side, murmur or tail in their sleep, and wake tired and nure reshed in the morning. They have an irregular appetite, growthin and pale, took alight and puny, and their growth and development become If your children are sick, do not use stupefying medi-

cides, but give them that greatest of all children's rem-cides. Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great nerve invigorant and health restorer. This wonderful remedy is, above all, a family medicine, and its name is a household word in thousands of homes all over the land. It is made from pure and harmless regetable remedies, is calming. soothing, and healing to the nerves, and at the same time strengthens and invigorates the entire system, re-storing a healthful color to the check, refreshing sleep, strong derres, stout limbs, and that bounding health and vitality which all children should have. It is perfeetly safe to give to children of any age, and its ours-tive and restorative effects are wonderful. Use it, par-ents, if your children are sick, and see them improve in health and strength every day and every hour. All druggists keep it as \$1 per bottle. You can also con-sult Dr. Greene, the specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, about your children free of charge.

COQUELIN AND HADING.

To those aspiring young playwrights who try so desperately hard to be immoral that they almost succeed in becoming amusing, I would recommend a careful study of "Denise," a fouract comedy by the younger Dumas, produced at Palmer's Theatre last night. It is plausibly morbid, insidiously hectic and marvellously unouventional. Mr. Ramsay Morris might study Denise," He will then learn how to be cynical rithout revealing the effort it costs, and he will ere how easy it is to be naughty and at the same time fascinatingly nice. Many may say that the lesson will not be worth learning. He will not think so, bless your hearts! nor will that band imitative dramatists who place their scenes

at Monte Carlo. The play is flagrantly naughty. M. Dumas of people in the neighborhood. It would be a shows us Denise in a dependent position, loved far more dangerous locality than it is were it by the young, wealthy but questionably interesting Count de Bardannes. He proposes in due season. Of course the audience knows that she loves him. Before she gave him his answer I felt it was a case of "I love you, but I can never be yours," and it was. She could not marry him. "I belong." she says, "to those verdict to be that it is only by great vigilance | whom men love but don't marry." Sweet little speech, isn't it?

Well, he tells her that his sister is about to marry Fernand de Thauzetter. His mind has been filled with suspicions about Denise and Fernand de Thauzettes, but at present they are ulled into quiescence. No sooner has he informed her of the contemplated marriage, howver, than she faces him and tells him that she rself, was the mistress of Fernand de Thau zettes. This she does, of course, to save the ister, and every one will see the rather impossi-

ble heroism of the act.

The Count is overwhelmed. He is a very french young man, and when he is over whelmed he generally cries in a nice white handkerchief, the corner of which lurks in an adjacent pocket. She goes on to tell him that she had a child by Fernand; that she and her mother took it to the country and intrusted it to a nurse; that they used to visit it, and that inally it died. She becomes extremely pathetic as she tells of its death and funeral. Then she

looks at him suddenly. "Ah!" she exclaims, in a pineful, soul-har-owing manner, "you are crying." She

ushes into his arms and nestles there. Now, I have said that "Denise" is a plausi ole play, but the incident I have just mentioned is simply inane. Just think of a man deluged in sympathetic tears because his sweetheart tells im poetically of the death of her child of which omebody else is the father! Imagine this good young man weeping in lovely compassion! Per-

mit me to exclaim "Bosh!" "Denise," however, ends artistically. It has en arranged that the girl shall marry Fernand; it has also been planned that she shall go nto a convent. She, however, does neither. As she is about to depart for the nunnery, th Count, who is standing in the room, utters a ound of suppressed love. She turns and sees 'a something" in his face. Then she utters a ound, though her love isn't so suppressed. They run into one another's arms, and the curtain falls. Dumas was determined that she should wed happily, but he did it as artistically as he could. Mr. Morris, with a similar heroine revelled in wedding bells and all the rest of it. That was unnecessary, inartistic and offensive

to many.

Mme. Hading could have given no stronger impersonation of the title rôle. Her work, indeed, almost defied criticism. Perhaps, in the scene with the Count, she rampaged just a triffe too much, but if that were a fault, it was readily forgiven. The expression of quiet determina-tion on Mme. Hading's face when—to quote a oung man whom I overheard—she "gave herself away," was admirably shown. Even the efusal of marriage, which, after a confession of love, it is difficult to render anything but ridiculous, Mme. Hading clearly justified. There was no strain for effect; only the most consummate naturalness. The "business" at the piano in the first act was, perhaps, the best instance of Mme. Hading's appreciation of

Such a part as Denise would never be popular with "stars" in this counbecause it needs no dressing. Mme. Harding wore two meek little robes, that t would be impossible for the most ardent boxoffice gusher to dwell upon with proper pathos. loquelin played the small part of Thouvenin, a worthy man, who is always giving excellent advice, which-to judge by his mann r-he him-A Washington's Birthelay entertainment will self would never follow. Thouvenit is exceed-be given at DeWitt Chapel, 160 West Twenty-ninth street, by the De Witt Literary Society on things. Coquelin treated the role in his own artistic way. Thouvenin had all the "cute" little Parisian gestures and winks that could ossibly have been desired. M. Duquesne played Brissot, and Mme. Patry, Mme. Brissot, the parents of Denise. M. Abel was the Count de Bardannes, and Mme. Gilbert was the adventuress-ish woman, Mme. de Thauzette.

As I stepped from Palmer's I saw a pretty coung maiden in the lobby waiting with papa and mamma for the carriage. The parents were discussing the merits of the play, and Limagine that they were criticising it rather severely. Then they turned to the girl, and I knew they were asking her what she had to say about it. I approached. I felt I must know.

"I thought it was awfully amusing," she That settled it.

Bunting Item

The Governors of the States have telegraphed

Washington Birthday Sentiments to The Even-

ING WOLLD. They are A No. 1. Read them in

[From Trans Siftings.] Hunter-Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have ramped for three hours and found no game.
Farmer—Just so. I calculate, as a general
hing, the less game there is the more hunting
on have, so I don't see what you are kicking

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER.

SERVANT OF SATAN."

The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious assassin who was unifolined in December last at Paris, under the name of Prado, handed so the eve of his execution abund so manuscript notes or merning his first and past career to a friend named Leuis Berard. These reveal for the first time the rore after a first with a mode of the extra ordinary criminal whose identity and need having proved a riddle which the French police were unable to some. They show that he was the son of a well-shown German General and statesman, whose identity will easily be recognized under the pseudonym of the late King Frederick William IV of Prussia, young Waldberg enters the army, contracts a secret marriage with a women whom he pseudonym and strikes his Colonel to the ground when the latter uses a coarse appreciancy in referring to her.

Young Weitberg describe the army and returns to his father's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Count. The latter, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his wife, asking for money. The night of the third day of his confinement, the occupants of the villa are startled by pistol shots, and rush to the library to find the young Count by a troken window, with a smoking revelver in his find. The General's desk has been forced open and a large amount of money abstracted. No trace is found of the burglars. But on the following day the General intercepts a letter from Frederick to his wife and discovers that it is his son who is the thief. He turns him out of the house. Frederick and his wife go to Paris, where the young Countess is found by her husband in a compromising attitude with his butter. He drive where the young Countess is found by her husband in a compromising attitude with his butter. He drive where the young Countess is found by her husband in a compromising attitude with his butter. He drive where the young Countess is found by her husband in a compromising attitude with his butter. He drive where the young Countess is found by her husband in the serv

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Newspaper of 1789.

day Epigrams,

WASHINGTONIAN SENTIMENTS The Governors of the States send

"The Evening World" some Birth-

A Blighted Romance.

The young man had accepted a seat anhour or two before in a crowded train by the side of a young lady who had graciously made room for him. "You will pardon me," he was saying,

" for being bold enough, Miss"-

" Hopper," she prompted, softly.

" Miss Whopper. Thank you. My name Miss Whopper. Thank you. My name is Cahokia. You will pardon me," he went on, in a stightly tremulous voice, " for being bold enough to say on such short acquaintance that I sincerely hope this may not be the last time we shall meet. I have never seen a young lady for whom I felt I could entertain so deep a"——
"Duner all ready in the dining-car!" sn-nounced a dark-complexioned official, thrusting his head in at the door of the car.
The young man from St. Louis sprang convulsively to his feet, seized his hat and over-

coat with frantic energy, and by the most desperate and reckless exertions succeeded in being the first man in the car to respond to the invitation, and a budding romance in the ife of the susceptible maiden from Southern Illinois came to a melancholy and untimely

Harrison's Treacherous Memory.

to his feet, seized his hat and over

[From an Indianapolis Letter.] Gen. Harrison's worst failing for political life is his inability to remember names. He has spoken of this frequently to his friends. Ten years ago, when President and Mrs. Hayes were making their memorable series of visits to the fairs, they came to Indianapolis. A grand reception was given. The State Fair was in progress here. The Committee arranged that the people should pass by President Hayes and shake hands. As some of the most prominent ladies came along they were to be invited to step back of the line and meet Mrs. Hayes. The Committee said to Gen. Harrison that he must take that part of the work—the introduction of the most prominent ladies to Mrs. Hayes.

"Oh, no," said the General, "I am not sufficiently acquainted with the ladies to do that." of visits to the fairs, they came to Indianapo-lis. A grand reception was given. The State

that." "But." urged the Committee, "you know all of the most prominent people here." 'No," persisted the General, "I can't do it. I can't remember names, I pass people on the streets of Indianapolis every day—people I have been seeing for twenty years—and I can't recall their names." that.